

My Super Sweet 15 Part 2

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Summary: Sequel to My Super Sweet 15. It's party time! Let the chaos begin... R&R. StanCrystal two shot.

My Super Sweet 15 Part 2

A/N: I'm sorry that Part 1 was SO DAMNED LONG! Blame the party...(cause that was the longest day of my life)

**So, here's the rest of "My Super Sweet 15!" **

Well...here you go.

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My Super Sweet Fifteen Part 2

Â§ _Seven days later... _Â§

"TODAY'S THE **DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAY!**"
Merodi Hyde, Ringa Kasumi, Panda and Jingle burst through the front door of Crystal's mansion, linked arm-in-arm with each other.

"AAAY! YOU GUYS LOOK GORGEOUS!" Bijou and Sandy squealed.
"AAAY! SO DO YOU!" the four mimicked teasingly.

Both Panda and Jingle were sporting matching white long-sleeved button-down shirts with pale yellow vests over them and matching silk yellow ties. Over them was a midnight-black tuxedo jacket and matching pants. They wore shiny black shoes. A corsage of yellow flowers were pinned to their tuxedos.

Ringa and Merodi were wearing pale yellow dresses with halter-top straps that wrapped around their necks and connected safely with a hook. The dress stopped right below the knees. The dress had a small, but sparkling design of flowers and leaves stitched underneath the collar embedded with pearly beads and crystals. A lacy ribbon, one shade lighter than the dress, was wrapped around the waist and tied in the back under the zipper. They wore clear high-heels.

Bijou and Sandy wore the same maid outfits as Ringa and Merodi, while Hamtaro and Kether, who had arrived with Sandy and Bijou, looked exactly like Jingle and Panda.

"Whaddaya thiiiiink?" Pashmina and Pazu just then walked upstairs from the basement. "Doesn't she look amazing?" Pazu twirled Pashmina around with a laugh. "Pazuuuu! You're embarrassing me!" she blushed.

Pashmina's usual straight long hair was held half-up and pulled back with a crystal barette. Her hair was curled and looked alot shorter than before. Her honey-blond bangs hung right over her forehead. Pazu, despite the fact he still wore his glasses, looked incredibly handsome in his tuxedo.

Suddenly, Ice and Sparkle appeared behind Pazu and Pashmina, Sparkle's brown hair styled the same as Pashmina. "Oh great! You're here!" she sighed in relief, looking at Bijou, Sandy, Merodi and Ringa. "The stylists are waiting downstairs for you. They practically turned the basement into a salon!" Sparkle pointed behind her.

The four girls obeyed her, excited about getting their hairs done. "Wait! Sands!" Jingle stopped Sandy. She whirled around. "Where's Stan? Surely, you guys came together, right?" Jingle asked. "Uh, yeah! He's in the bathroom." Sandy nodded and ran--well, more like skipped quickly, on account she was in heels--downstairs.

No sooner had the girls left, than Stan walked in. Like the boys, he was wearing the same black tux, black dress shoes and white shirt. The only difference was the baby pink corsage pinned to his jacket, the pink vest and matching silk tie.

"Hey man! Not too bad for a guy who's gotta model the **pink **vest!" Ice clapped his back and smiled. "Ice, behave!" Sparkle punched his arm playfully. Stan smirked and leaned against the wall while the others sat on the sofas. The TV was on, but no one seemed to be very interested. But, hey. It helped ease the stress!

"Thanks alot, dude. But I'm actually getting used to the color!" Stan said, adjusting his pink tie. "Good. Cause you're gonna be wearing that thing for a long, long time!" Hamtaro told him. "Hey! It's only gonna be a couple of hours!" Stan shot him a glare, but laughed afterwards.

A door in the hallways opened and a woman with a camera began walking out backwards. "Ooh! That is BEAUTIFUL! Now, pout for me! Feeeeel it!" she cooed as she started taking pictures. "Miss! Must we make **such **an entrance?" Crystal's voice was heard saying--right **before **she came out.

Her hair was in a half-up do, but the hair being held back was wrapped around and in little buns. Her brown locks were curled and

barely brushed past her shoulders. Her spaghetti-strapped dress was the same pink as Stan's vest and was aligned with red and pink sequins, pearls and crystals. The dress from below the stomach was fluffed up and reminded everyone of Cinderella's puffy blue gown. Her make-up was perfectly done and she wore pink silk slippers(**A/N: It's part of the ceremony thing for a Daddy to change the girl's shoes--don't ask why, I don't make the rules**). Her body moisturizer made her skin glow and even sparkled from the glitter. A smaller, crystal tiara was perched on her hair.

Stan couldn't stop staring.

"How's the dress, doll?" the camera girl looked at Crystal. "Not sure. Am I supposed to breathe in this thing?" Crystal asked. "No." the camera girl shook her head. "Oh, then it's perfect!" Crystal smiled sarcastically.

"OMG! Crystal!" Sparkle squealed. Crystal looked away quickly and looked over at Sparkle. "OMG, Pashy! Sparkle! You look absolutely bella!" she gasped. "Are you nuts? YOU LOOK LIKE A FREAKING GODDESS COMPARED TO **US!**" Pashmina swooned. "And I thought **I** looked fab? LOOK AT YOU!" Sparkle added. "I know. The guy filming the video made me look in the mirror ten times." Crystal sweatdropped. "Something about giving the video feeling."

"Whoa! Crys, you look amazing!" Hamtaro gaped. "Totally! You're gonna knock the socks offa' the guests at the party!" Kether exclaimed. "Thanks you guys. But you all look pretty sexy yourselves." Crystal giggled. "Not as sexy as you!" came a familiar 9 yr. old voice.

As if on queue, Penelope stepped into the living room. She wore a similar-looking pink dress, except it was alot simpler and fit for a child. Her hair was curled like Crystal as well and wore pink not-that-high-heeled shoes. Cappy walked up from behind her. He froze when he saw Crystal. "Ohhhh...snap!" he gaped. "Stan, can we trade?"

"HEY!" Penelope grabbed Cappy by his ear. "You're sticking with **me**, kiddo! Get it?" she hissed. "Got it." Cappy winced in pain. "Good!" Penelope huffed in pride. Everyone laughed.

That was when Crystal finally locked eyes with Stan. He was still staring at her, unable to say anything. "Well, aren't **you **gonna say anything?" she teased. "Crystal...wow! Yo-Y-You look... ..wow!" he breathed. "You look pretty 'Wow!' yourself, Stan." Crystal said suddenly shyly, examining Stan. "Thanks." Stan blushed and stared at the floor.

"Coughcoughse--"

"DON'T EVEN START WITH THE SECRET LOVERS THING, ICE!" Stan and Crystal suddenly screamed. Everyone minus Ice, Crystal and Stan giggled like hyenas. "Oh, give the white-haired dude a break!" the video guy just then came out of the room, eyeing Stan and Crystal next to each other. "Besides, you look like **such **a cute couple! Are you two dating?"

That was when everyone started to **howl.** The gang had to practically lean on each other for support through all their laughter. "***EWWW!** NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" Stan and Crystal turned

a crimson-red and stepped two feet away from each other. "We're just friends! I thought I already told you that!" Crystal wailed angrily.

"Oh! You did? My bad!" the video guy looked embarrassed. "UGH!" Stan and Crystal rolled their eyes and stormed off in different directions. Stan collapsed on a sofa, while Crystal went for a drink of water. When both weren't looking, Kether smirked and slipped a ten dollar bill in the video guy's hand. "***Told **you they're in denial!" he whispered. Everyone snickered once more.

Eventually, all the maids and guys arrived to get ready. They had all swooned over how incredible Crystal looked and how "adorable" she and Stan looked when they stood next to each other. They did their best not to strangle anyone who said that. Especially the family guests.

Even the rest of the Ham-Hams stopped by to take a look at this amazing dress Crystal had on--**and **how cute Stan and Crystal really looked together, so they could tease the living hell out of them! Finally, after what seemed like everyone in the world had come to visit Crystal, the two white limousines arrived to take the birthday girl away.

"Okay, here's the plan." Roberta told Crystal, the guys, maids and etc. "Crystal and the fellas' are going in Limo number one, while the ladies and the four little girls go in Limo number two. Got it?" she said. "Got it!" the Party People(**A/N: That's what I'm calling the maids and guys from now on**)--or PPL for short--nodded in understanding.

But before climbing into their sweet rides, the Party People first aligned in two rows--girls and boys--on two opposite sides of the stairs of the house's porch, with Stan and Crystal in the middle so they could take pictures. Lots and lots of pictures(**A/N: That camera eventually got annoying at my party**).

When that was finally over, it was time to hop in the limos to drive to a beautiful state park...to take more pictures by a huge fountain Crystal's father had chosen for the landscape. "MORE pictures!" Ice exclaimed in the limo when Crystal told them--tiredly. "But I'm **already **blind from all the flashing of that stupid camera!" Hamtaro whined.

"Umm...first off, Hamtaro, that camera **had **no flash. And secondly, the reason you're blind was cause Cappy kept telling you to face the sun!" Kether explained. Cappy blushed. "It was **Penelope's **turn to dare!" he whined.

After about an hour or so at the park, Crystal and her little party of Party PPL finally began to make their way to the hotel where the party was waiting for her. All Crystal could do was glug down soda from the ice cooler and twitch her leg uncontrollably.

"Crys, relax!" Panda eyed her worriedly. "Yeah! Otherwise, you're gonna be in the little girls' room for a long, long time!" Hamtaro took his eyes off of the Chicken Little movie playing in the car's DVD player and frowned. "I know, I know! I'm just so freaking stressed!" Crystal moaned. Pouting dramatically, she slumped her head onto Stan's shoulder.

He didn't blush like usual. Instead he smiled sympathetically and draped an arm around Crystal. "Don't worry 'bout it so much, Crys. I mean, we got the entrance down and the waltz is perfect! We'll be fine." he comforted.

Crystal sighed. "I guess. But it's just that...this is the biggest day of my teenage life! If I screw it up, I'll never let myself live it down!" she said and frowned to herself. Stan sighed as well. "You're being too hard on yourself. Just chill out, and have fun! After all, that's what birthdays are all about. No matter ****what**** age you're turning."

Crystal bit her lip to stop it from quivering.

The boys started snickering and got ready to poke some fun at their position. But Stan simply gave them a furious "Now's-not-the-time-for-teasing-can'tcha-see-Crystal's-freaking-out?" glare. So, they backed off. Besides, the "I'm-just-about-****this****-close-to-break-down!" look on Crystal's face wasn't exactly what they'd call humorous.

Â§ _4:00 pm... _Â§

At the sight of two snow-white limos approach the parking lot of the hotel, a wide-eyed teenage brunette ran across the lobby, into a huge room and ran up the steps to the front stage of the room. She motioned an older teen to come to the side of the stage for a private conversation.

"She's here! She's here!" Nikki hissed in Roberta's ear. She was wearing a cute orange halter-top dress that reached just above the knees. Her long brown hair was straight, but gently curled at the bottom and an orange crystal flower clipped to the side of her hair. She wore matching orange slippers with a tear-shaped red/orange jewel in the center of each slipper.

"Yes! Now we can ****finally**** get this party started!" Roberta smiled. Her curly brown hair was flat-ironed, her bangs parted to the side and now reached halfway down her back. Her tan skin looked amazing against the green strapless dress that also reached right above the knees. She wore silver high-heels that matched the silver heart-shaped pin on her dress.

Roberta held out her hand excitedly. Nikki nodded and snatched the microphone behind her off of its post and placed it in Roberta's palm. The 19-yr. old switched it on and tapped it tenderly. "Um...excuse me, but may I have your attention please?" she asked into the microphone.

The large room standing in front of her was buzzing with cousins, aunts, uncles, neices, nephews, grandparents and friends from everywhere that were invited to Crystal's party. It was estimated that the room had about 250 guests!

The vibrations of the guests' conversations started to die down by the dozens, until it was completely silent and all eyes were on Roberta. "Thank you all for being so patient. I just got the word that the birthday girl is now arriving!" Roberta announced. The room began to excitedly buzz with conversation, until Roberta shushed them

again.

While she kept talking, Nikki could feel her orange purse slung over her shoulder start to vibrate. Realizing it was her cellphone, Nikki quickly slipped out the back door backstage, dug out her magenta RAZR V3c phone and looked at the screen. It was Crystal. She flipped it open.

"Nik, we're here." Crystal's voice came into her ear. "I am aware of that. I just told Roberta! So, are you guys ready for the you-know-what?" Nikki asked. "I hope so! Cause I'm getting sick over here!" Crystal whined. "You'll be fine!" Nikki rolled her eyes and smiled. "Just do it and be done with!"

"Oh! I've been meaning to ask you. Is everyone seated at their tables?" Crystal wondered. "Yup! Every adult and little runt you invited are in their assigned seats!" Nikki nodded.

"And are you sure Mommy and Daddy are in seperate rooms?" Crystal asked. "Seperate **wings!*" Nikki corrected, a flash of fear crossing her eyes. "They're watching the party through cameras. And I already gave them their schedules on when they can see you." (**A/N: O.o**)

"Perfect!" Crystal exclaimed. "Okay, we're here! See you in a bit."

"Right. Bye sexy." Nikki said and snapped her phone shut.

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"And now, ladies and gentlemen, if you could please turn your attention to the front doors please." Roberta pointed to the double doors that were slowly being opened and secured by waiters. She nodded to the deejay nearby to start the entrance music. He nodded and started to play "Hanging On" by Cheyenne through the giant speakers.

Outside, the Party PPL heard the music and immedietaly, Cappy and Penelope knew they were up first.

"Ladies and gentlemen. Dudes and dudettes. I am proud to present to you, our first adorable couple, Cappy Kaburu and Penelope Alyson Mafura!" Roberta spoke into the microphone. The audience burst into applause as Cappy and Penelope walked out arm-in-arm. They walked to the center of the room--which was the dance floor--waving and smiling like supermodels.

"And now for the second couple. Put your hands together for the beautiful Maudmoiselle(**A/N: Did I spell that right?**)Bijou and her dashing escort, Hamtaro Haruna!" The applause arose again as Hamtaro and Bijou flashed their sweetest smiles and walked across the room.

"Now, Misters and Misses, give it up for Miss Pashmina Mafura and Pazu Hikaru!" Pazu and Pashmina followed the first two couple's direction, waving and smiling at the cameras. "And now, the charming Kether Harding, and his lady, Sandy Rebecca Ashley Toorani!" More applause, cheering and whistling as Kether and Sandy blew kisses at the crowd.

"Up next, the dreamy Ice Valentine and the wonderful Miss Sparkle Kururin!" Roberta rolled her eyes with a smile as Ice spun Sparkle around and flashed their pearly-white smiles at the cameras. After all, they were used to the attentions of the cameras as equally-competitive singers.

"Couple _numero_ six: Sir Panda Tanaka and his gorgeous companion Ringa Kasumi!" Once more, the applause grew as Panda and Ringa stepped out into the limelight. They strutted across the room like the others before them and seperated as they approached their rows. "How'd I do?" Ringa mouthed at Panda. "Perfect!" he mouthed back, making Ringa blush.

"And let's give it up for Jingle Tongari and his partner-in-crime," There was a small pause as the room giggled. "Miss Merodi Hyde!" Jingle and Merodi blushed and glared playfully at Roberta, who could do nothing but shrug.

When all seven couples were aligned on the dance floor, the dance music died down--and just in time too. The deejay started playing a slow, entrance song for the four little girls. First, of course came Catherine, Lupita, Dana and finally, little Joanna appeared, tossing the pink and white flowers all over the floor.

Crystal closed her eyes and squeezed Stan's arm. "Relax Crys. Remember, we rehearsed this." Stan whispered. The horrid--and utterly disturbing--memories of last month's rehearsal just then ran through Crystal's mind. She flinched in embarassment. "Stan? The stairs. Last month's rehearsal. Nikki. **Not **a good example." Crystal muttered. "Oh. Right." Stan blushed.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen. Would you all please stand up as we welcome the handsome Stan James Toorani as he escorts our birthday girl to the dance floor." The audience stood up in unison. "I'm nervous!" Crystal squeaked. "Me too! Is my hair okay?" Stan mimicked. Crystal flashed a smile. "It's fine."

"Ladies and gentlemen...Stan James Toorani and our Sweet 15 girl, Crystal Victoria Donaldson!" The applause was louder than ever as Stan and Crystal walked down the room. The seven couples clapped and cheered as well. "YEAH! GO GET HER, STAN!" the guys yelled like rebellious teenagers in tuxedos...which they kinda were!

Stan blushed, but figured Crystal didn't hear them. She did. But to attract herself away from her silly little friends and their silly little comments, Crystal simply smiled and waved at her family and friends.

When they finally got to the waltz, everything went as perfectly as they could possibly imagined. Hamtaro didn't trip, Ringa remembered everything(thanks to some at-home training with Panda)in the dance and Cappy made sure to twirl Penelope at the right queue.

Finally, came the time for Crystal's father-daughter dance with...well, who else? Her father! That is, until...

"Um...where's Crystal's daddy? He should've **been **here by now for the father-daughter dance!" Roberta asked Nikki for the third time. She scanned the doors, hoping for Crystal's father's bodyguards to

barge in with him. But nothing like that happened. The crowd waited innocently for Roberta's next announcement.

"Where's my dad? He's supposed to dance with me right now!" Crystal muttered to the girls. "I don't know. Roberta and Nikki are looking for him." Bijou replied, nodding towards the two girls up on the stage. Nikki looked over at Crystal and shrugged.

Suddenly, a waitress with a note opened the door backstage and handed Nikki the note. She quickly read it over and turned pale. Poking Roberta, she pointed frantically at the note and bit her finger as Roberta read it. "What the hell is going on up there?" Crystal whispered to Sandy.

Roberta's mouth dropped open, but shut it quickly as she brought the microphone to her lips. "Urm...U-Uhh, ladies and gentlemen. It seems here one of Mr. Donaldson's bodyguards have left us a note. Turns out, Crystal's parents kindaaa...had an unfortunate run-in with each other in the halls!" she blurted out. The room basically gasped in fear. "S-Sooo! To make it up, we're...we're..." Suddenly, Roberta's eyes landed on Stan. "...w-we-w-we're gonnahaveCrystal'sescortdancewithherinstead!"

"**WHAT!**" Stan and Crystal hissed as quietly as possible. They stared at Roberta in shock as everyone clapped. "Sorry. But it's **your **problem now!" Roberta mouthed.

"That's it, we're outta here!" Ice said as he turned to leave with Sparkle. "You're **leaving **us?" Crystal whispered. "Duh!" Sparkle nodded. "You're on your own **now!**" Jingle added. "See ya' later, alligator!" Ringa patted Crystal's shoulder. "In a while, crocodile!" Merodi followed Ringa. "Have fuuun!" Hamtaro cooed. "Au revoir!" Bijou waved. "Good luck, Crystal." Pashmina whispered in Crystal's ear. "I'm watching you Stanley!" Sandy smirked playfully at her brother.

Stan and Crystal gaped at each other in shock and horror as their friends left them alone on the dance floor. "Ahem. Music, deejay!" Roberta said into the microphone. Crystal sighed and stepped closer to Stan. She took his right hand and put her other hand on his left shoulder. Stan swallowed as he gently placed his left hand on Crystal's waist.

I've got sunshine on a cloudy day,

When it's cold outside, I've got the month of May.

I guess you'd say

What can make me feel this way?

My girl(my girl, my girl)

Talkin' about my girl(my girl).

Stan blushed as he slowly twirled Crystal. Crystal stared at Stan's jacket as they swayed from side-to-side to the music. "This is sacrilegious. I swear I'll have Roberta's life hanging on the line for this!" she hissed, trying to break the silence. "This is getting awkward." Stan muttered back. "Why?" Crystal asked. "Cause everyone's

**smiling **at us." Stan replied. "My life is over." Crystal sighed.

I've got so much honey, the bees envy me.

I've got a sweeter song than the birds in the trees.

I guess you'd say

What can make me feel this way?

My girl(my girl, my girl)

Talkin' about my girl(my girl).

"This...is...**gold!**" Pazu snickered as he zoomed in at Stan and Crystal with his video camera. "Tauro-girl's gonna **freak out **when she finds out about this!" Jingle, Kether and Ice laughed into their hands after Pazu's last comment. "Pazu, that's blackmail!" Pashmina hissed. "Don't worry." Pazu smirked as he focused on Stan and Crystal. "If it makes you feel better, we'll be the first to see the video."

Hey, hey, hey

Hey, hey, hey.

Ooooh.

"I think the guys are saying something to you Stan." Crystal whispered as she glared at the boys. They quickly ducked their heads when they saw her. "Probably something stupid though." she added with a sigh. "Uh-huh..." But Stan wasn't listening. He was too busy listening to the lyrics. Before he knew it, he was humming the tune.

I don't need no money, fortune or fame.

I've got all the riches, baby, one man can claim.

I guess you'd say

What can make me feel this way?

"I didn't know you knew the song, Stan!" Crystal looked up at him. Stan smiled. "I know. Hey. How 'bout we tease these guests a bit!" he smirked teasingly. Crystal returned the smile. "Surprise me!"

My girl(my girl, my girl)

Talkin' about my girl(my girl).

Immedietaly, Stan twirled Crystal around and held her incredibaly close. Crystal swallowed to herself. But Stan winked. Crystal smiled and allowed Stan to twirl her again. This time, she twirled Stan around afterwards. Stan curtsied, causing a giggling fest from the audience.

I've got sunshine on a cloudy day

With my girl.

I've even got the month of May

With my girl.

(fades)

Right before the fading of the song, Stan twirled Crystal once more, before dipping her gently. Crystal blushed like crazy. The audience applauded as Stan lifted her back onto her feet two short seconds later.

Then, he kissed her cheek.

Crystal was stunned. All she could do was stare at him as he parted. Stan had the same facial expression. _Oh God. What did I just do!_ he thought in horror. Both paid no attention to the awing guests. Nor the clapping. Nor the screams and whoops of the Ham-Hams.

Humiliated beyond words, Stan did the only thing he could think of.

He vanished.

As

Crystal sighed. She was staring up at the sky in the backyard, the wind blowing against her face. Despite the fact that she had been treated like a queen all day and showered with gifts at least twice the number as many guests she had invited that would be opened soon after the party, it was still nice for her to be left alone to gather her thoughts.

Well, almost alone.

"No, he did not."

"Yes, he did."

"He ****so**** did not!"

"He ****so**** did! Did you ****not**** see her face?"

"Yeah. And he ****didn't**** look happy about it!"

"Guuuuys?" Crystal sighed, too tired to whine. "Sorry Crys, but I'm just telling Merodi here that Stan totally planned that little peck on the dance floor!" Ringa apologized. "No way! You could tell from both their faces that it wasn't planned out at all!" Merodi complained. Crystal flinched.

"It's ****so**** obvious he planned it! Cause then he disappeared like one of those Mystery Admirers on TV!" Ringa pointed. "Yeah. But do you think Stan would ever have the guts to do something like that in public?" Merodi asked. Ringa paused for a second.

"Not really...no! You have a point there. But if he ****did****, would he plan out that kiss?" Ringa questioned. "I think so...yeah!" Merodi nodded, after thinking the situation over.

Crystal, Merodi and Ringa were leaning against the marble railing of the balcony in the back of the building. Standing before the balcony was the beautiful garden designed just for her birthday party. Fresh green bushes were decorated with delicate pink, white and yellow roses. A couple of golden fountains spotted the garden. Marble stairs from the balcony led to a pathway swirled around the garden for private walks and a perfect view of everything that had been set up. The land practically glowed under the lights placed above the garden.

Crystal's ears perked up when she heard the double doors leading inside open. _Oh **please **don't be the camera girl!_ Crystal silently begged as she winced secretly. It wasn't.

"GUYS! There's a dance-off going on right now!" Panda threw the door open, almost breathless. "A dance-off?" Merodi and Crystal perked up. From the corners of their eyes, they could see Ringa's trademark sly smirk stretch across her face.

"DUDES! I NEED A PARTNER--**QUICK!**" Blaise was breathless completely, his eyes wide and ecstatic. Panda smiled. "Well, lucky for you, that these three girls are good dancers. Choose one of th--"

"WHO ARE WE UP AGAINST? BRING IT ON!" Ringa suddenly whizzed right by Panda, grabbed Blaise by the wrist and ran right inside the building in one move. Panda's eyes became dots as he sweatdropped.

"Maaan! Why does Blaise have to be such a good danceerrrrrrr?" Panda wailed. Merodi smiled sympathetically. "Come on! Let's go root for their team." she sighed. She took Panda by the shoulder and started leading him inside. She looked back at Crystal and gave her a "This'll-take-a-while!" shrug. "I'll be there in a sec." Crystal responded out loud.

When they left, Crystal could hear the music cranking up. She couldn't tell what it was yet from the shouts, whoops and cheers of the Ham-Hams drowning out the beat. The door reopened. Crystal smiled, thinking it was Merodi or another of her friends warning her of the dance-off.

Wrong.

"Whoa! This garden is over the top!"

"I know! See? What I tell you?"

Crystal's heart skipped a beat. It was Stan and Kether. _What do I say? WHAT DO I SAY?_ She wasn't sure if they could both see her or not, but she took a shot anyways.

"Glad ya' like it. I was pretty blown away myself." she told them both. Stan looked at Crystal and froze. He had no idea Crystal was here! _Uh-oh. **Now** what do I say?_ "Yeah. This is a pretty awesome party!" Stan sighed.

Suddenly, as Kether's eyes darted from Stan to Crystal to Stan again, an evil little smile stretched across his face. _Say! Ever since Stan and Crystal had that dance incident a few hours ago, they haven't

been together in the same room at all! Hee hee hee hee. That gives me an idea...!_

"COMING SANDYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!" he screamed out, making Crystal and Stan jump out of their skins. Crystal pulled a compact out of her tiny pink purse and realized Kether was about to leave her and Stan alone.

Damnit! Right now, I **SO** would not mind hanging with Stan and that juvenile delinquent! DON'T LEAVE ME, KETHER! Crystal thought in horror as she stared at both the boys' reflections in the mirror.

"**Kether!**" Get back here!" Stan hissed as loud as he could. But the raven-haired had already given him a "Go-get-her-Tiger!" wink and vanished through the glass doors. Stan's shoulders drooped hopelessly. Then, he turned to Crystal, who was staring at him. She bit her lip anxiously.

Stan smiled nervously. "H-Hi." he lifted a hand and waved innocently at her. Crystal smiled back with a hint of shyness in her eyes. "Hey." she waved back. Stan gulped.

Inside, the gang was having a dance-off with Christina Aguilera's "Ain't No Other Man." Ringa seemed to be having a killer time with Blaise as they danced together against Ice and Sparkle. The loud music and the constant cheerings boomed against the glass exit doors, but didn't seem to distract either Stan or Crystal.

Stan walked beside Crystal and leaned against the railing with her. His heart pounded in his chest, making his tie almost impossible to cope with. Ever since the so-called "father-daughter" dance(wink, wink), all he had wanted to do was avoid her. Yet, no matter how hard he tried, Stan just **couldn't** stay away from Crystal.

_Maybe I should talk to her. Or better yet, apologize. I mean, if this keeps up, Crys might never talk to me again! Oh man! But this is so hard! Just looking at her, and seeing those eyes of her's staring back at me...augh! This sucks! _

Crystal squirmed. She could feel Stan eyeing her again. _I don't get it. Why did Stan kiss me? A-As in m-my cheek. No-N-Not my lips o-or a-any-anywhere else--UGH what**ever! **__Maybe he just got caught up in teasing the audience, Yeah! Maybe. But...he's not talking. Which means I shouldn't either. But...he **has** to talk!_ Crystal's head spun. She wasn't sure if she should leave Stan to think or to stay and wait for him to open his mouth.

That's it! I can't take it anymore, I'm outta here!

"I-I..I need to use the restroom, excuse me, Stan!" Crystal whirled around before Stan could even respond. "Oh no you don't!" Stan blurted out, slightly frustrated. He spun around and grabbed Crystal by her arm. "What the--**WHOA!**" Crystal turned to glare at him, when she slipped on the waxed marble floors and slid straight into Stan's arms! Stan flinched at the slam, but held tightly to her waist instead.

"Hey! Lemme go, Stan! Get OFF of me!" Crystal struggled to break free, but Stan's grip was strong. "Crystal. We have to talk!" Stan

took a deep breath. "Great! Can I use the bathroom first?" Crystal asked. "Not until we talk!" Stan shook his head.

"We'll talk--as soon as you let go!" Crystal hissed, trying to pull away. Stan hung on instead. "If I did, you'd **run!** I know you better than that, don't think I'm stupid!" Stan told her. "Let GO! I'm not gonna run!" Crystal pleaded. Stan scoffed. "What? Ya' think I was born yersterday? Nice try, Birthday Babe!"

"Staaan! Let me go, or I'll call security!" Crystal hopped up and down like a child. "Not until you--" Stan grabbed Crystal's chin and forced her to look into his blue eyes. Then, it was quiet.

Neither could say anything as they hopelessly stared into each other's eyes. Stan had stopped dead when he locked into Crystal's eyes. Crystal's big...beautiful...aqua-green eyes.

Crystal gulped. She felt completely lost of words from just being so close to Stan's adorable baby-face. She pressed her lips together and breathed very lightly through her nose.

"Listen..." Stan finally opened his mouth. "...I-I-I'm sorry f-for pecking you on the cheek like that." he blurted out. "Oh..." Crystal said quietly. "A-And that I didn't mean to do it! I-I was just really caught up in the whole teasing the crowd thing. I-I thought i-it might be a little fun...b-but I-I guess what I did was a little too personal." Stan quickly explained.

"...Okay." Crystal nodded in understanding. "S-Sooo...you're not mad?" Stan stared at her, flinching slightly if she were to say yes. "Nah. Not really." Crystal shook her head. "But you know, it was kinda funny now that I think about it, cause the audience actually bought that kiss!"

Stan couldn't help but chuckle. "Yeah. I mean, cause there's like, one out of a million chance that we'd be **kissing!**" he smiled. "Totally!" Crystal agreed. "Cause we're friends." Stan pointed out. "Yeah! **Just** friends!" Crystal added.

"Yeah!" Stan nodded a little too quickly. "Uh-huh. Friends..." Crystal muttered. Then, as she stared at her and Stan's position, she couldn't help but blush. Stan did the same thing. Stan still had his arms wrapped tightly around Crystal's waist. She had her hands spread around his shoulders. They were practically leaning on each other.

Finally, they looked up at each other to discover that they were slightly closer than before. "Stan..." Crystal gulped. "Hm?" Stan fidgeted. "We're just friends...right?" Crystal asked. "Of course...just...best...friends..." Stan got lost in Crystal's eyes.

Slowly, before he could realize what he was doing, Stan inched closer to Crystal, his eyes starting to close. Crystal's body stiffened, but relaxed when she felt herself draw closer to her best friend as well. "We're just friends..." Crystal whispered so quietly, that only Stan could hear her.

Closer...

Closer...

****Closer...!****

Their noses barely brushing past one another...

That is, until...

"CRYSTAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAL!**"** Sparkle just then bust the door open with Ice. "Crystal, the camera girl wants you to take pictures with the tables of th--" Suddenly, Ice covered Sparkle's mouth as he stared at Stan and Crystal in shock.

"Oh-O...Oh my God, we are so so so so so so so so so so so sorry! We didn't mean to walk in on you! I swear please go back to what you were doing we'll be leaving now!" he said--a bit too loudly.

"WHAT! Lemme see! Lemme see!" Pazu pushed in between them and started filming Stan and Crystal with his camera. "Ohhh yeah! This is genius! Feel it, Stan! Oh, don't look at the camera!" Stan turned red. Crystal went crimson--with ****outrage****. "Pazu Hikaru, when I get my hands on you, ya' little nasty, YOU ARE GONNA ROT AND DIE IN YOUR OWN PERSONAL--!"

"PAZUUUUUUU!" Pashmina covered the camera lens. "Behave yourself!" Then, Pashmina looked at Stan and Crystal. She went pale. "Oh God, ****get a room!****" she scolded before dragging off Pazu.

"WAIT 'TIL AMERICA'S FUNNIEST HOME VIDEOS GETS A HOLD O' THIS!" he shouted before disappearing. Stan and Crystal practically threw themselves away from each other, blushing like mad.

"Wait!** LEMME SEE THE SECRET LOVERS!"** Hamtaro squealed, trying to squeeze between Ice and the door. "Ugh! MOVE you little idiot!" Sparkle shoved him behind.

"CrysCrysCrysCrysCrys!" Sandy got in between the others and looked at Crystal excitedly. "Come on! Some hot, rich teenager dude grabbed the pinata and is beating it up with a lamp post!"

"What! Who?" Crystal asked.

****BAM! BAM! RIP! BAM!**

"WHOO! GO ASHTON!" some people cheered ecstatically.

"I dunno. But whoever it was, ****_I got a picture with 'em!_****" Sandy squealed, holding up her digital camera and scurried off. "Oh and your mom's calling you." Sparkle pointed at Stan.

"C'mon already! Give 'em their damn privacy!" Finally, Ice grabbed the double doors' handles. "Please go on with what you were doing! Act like we were ****never**** here!" he smiled before managing to shut the doors.

"I'll be right there." Stan told particularly no one. He turned to Crystal who smiled weakly. "I-I gotta go see what my mom wants." Stan shrugged. "Y-Yeah, a-an-a-and I-I should probably check on that dude

who's trying to massacre my pinata." Crystal said. Stan nodded and turned around to walk away. Crystal could tell that he was disappointed for the interruption. But how to make it up to him...

That's it!

"Stan!" Crystal called. Stan whirled around. Crystal blushed slightly. "U-Umm...I-I'm kinda having an afterparty at my house. You know, in honor of all the hard work my folks put in for my birthday. A-And I was hoping you and Sandy would make it. A-As well as the others of course!" Crystal suggested. "S-Sooo...would you like to come over for a while?"

Stan stared at her. _Please say yes, please say yes, **pleeeaaassse **say yes!_

Finally, he smiled that adorable smile that made Crystal's insides sizzle. "Sure. I'll see you there." Stan nodded. He leaned over and gently kissed Crystal on the cheek. "Happy Birthday Crystal." was the last thing he said before smiling again and turning around.

BONK! BOOM! BAM!

"OOF!" All of a sudden, the entire Ham-Ham Gang fell on top of each other the second after Stan opened the door. A couple of scattered "Owwww!"'s and "My head!"'s were heard in the heaping pile of bodies.

"Duuuuudes?" Stan gaped at them in disbelief. Ice winced and looked up at him weakly. "J-Just...pretend we're not here!" he said innocently.

Stan and Crystal looked up at each other...and laughed until their sides hurt.

Â§ _The End..._ Â§

* * *

>AN: Okay, I'm done. (holds up fireproof umbrella over her head) Now, I'm ready for the flames! HIT ME!**

Crystalgurl101, THE SLOWEST UPDATER IN THE UNIVERSE!

End
file.